

ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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JULIUS CHAMBERS EDITOR

[From ONCE A WEEK, April 26, 1892.]

YOUTH is the gift of Heaven. It is the most splendid conception of the divine mind. To a man it is worth the supremacy of the world. A woman will exchange her immortality for it. To a newspaper, likewise, it is all-important. It comprehends activity, dash, pure blood, honest emotions, sincerity, strength. A newspaper that attains success during its days of youth forever remains young. Years do not age it or dull its intelligence and enthusiasm. It has not eaten its heart out with anxiety or allowed its blood to be thinned by corroding cares. Pride of success it may justly feel. Arrogance it never can assume, because to be arrogant is to be conceited, and conceit is not an attribute of youth. Such is the position of ONCE A WEEK to-day.

SHALL THE STATE MILITIA BE USED TO CRUSH LABOR ORGANIZATIONS?

PRESIDENT FRICK, of Homestead, H. WALTER WEBB, of the New York Central Railroad, and President MCLEOD, the head of the Reading coal and railroad combine, are three men who are opposed to organized labor, on principle and in the light of experience. The first-named came out victorious from the coke regions, and he entered the contest at Homestead with a confidence born of victory. Vice-president WEBB is the laurel-crowned chieftain of Forty-second street, New York, who was too much for the Knights of Labor a few years ago, and he takes his night's rest in a "varnished car" on a Buffalo side-track these nights with a soundness and serenity showing that his present trouble with the Buffalo switchmen does not promise him even "common amusement." President MCLEOD, being the responsible head of a giant "deal," will not allow "these men," if he can help it, to interfere with the harmonious working of its parts and parties.

The bravery of FRICK and WEBB has been noted in the press, and there is no doubt that MCLEOD will henceforth form the third of an intrepid trio, at whose coming—and that of the militia—any and all strikes will be settled in the future. The bravery of these distinguished chieftains of organized capital has no barbaric trappings. It is based on that strength of will that all brave men possess—not on physical strength covered with chain and plate armor, as in those knightly days of old. It has also an element of shrewdness which tells these chieftains "there are more ways of killing a cat besides choking it to death with butter."

This homely phrase, applied to the official action of some five hundred millions of dollars of organized capital, needs a thorough elucidation and careful study in the light of the facts. If these workmen are not getting fair play, the country should know it. Union men are not all rioters. If they were, what good—or harm—could the militia do for the three great champions of organized capital? The companies have been getting protection for their property; they are entitled to it. They have a full value insurance policy on their property as against the mob, and they are entitled to that. The companies must not suffer. They are our pride, our consolation in distress, and the only institutions we have that are capable of handling great enterprises, locking out men by the cityful and preserving our

militia from sinking into innocuous desuetude. These great companies have a claim upon us—and especially upon the militia—that, at the present "gait of going," will never be paid off. And if, on the one hand, this great country is in duty bound to look after these giant corporations and protect them from the one idiot who occasionally sets fire to a string of abandoned freight-cars, it must be noted, on the other hand, that the State of Pennsylvania came to the rescue in grand array at Homestead, and made FRICK's lookout effectual for the time being; that the Empire State sent every bayonet she had to Buffalo to watch William street crossing, thus joining MCLEOD, WEBB and BRUNN against the Switchmen's Union.

Organized labor does not call out the militia; organized capital does: labor is not timid—has no time to be; capital is. But, perhaps capital is too timid. Very timid joint stock companies, like the CARNEGIE Steel Company (Limited and backed by militia), and shy, modest, shrinking and easily frightened combines, like the poor, dear, old Reading family of Wall Street Spring lambs, should refrain from quarreling with these naughty switchmen and steel workers. Nobody knows better than Messrs. WEBB, MCLEOD and BRUNN that the occupation of switchman is calculated to make a man feel that he is earning his money and that he is entitled to no little consideration at the hands of the company, whose property he handles day and night, rain or shine or storm or frost or burning noontide heat, with death staring him in the face at every turn. They know that such a man not infrequently leaves his wife and babes at the door feeling in his heart that, should he never return alive from the freightyard to greet them, his wages ought to be such that they might not face the world penniless, without him. They know that such a man is singularly loyal to his union. They know that the switchman stands guard at both ends of the great system of railroad transportation; and that during prosperous times, in a rush of freight, one good crew frequently does the work of two—and that these old and faithful crews must feel badly treated when the State militia is called out to resist the payment of an extra three cents an hour.

President FRICK, at Homestead, knew that the iron and steel workers could not be restrained at the sight of the Pinkertons. He knew somebody would get hurt that day; for everybody else knew it, and surely President FRICK knows more than most men. Knowing these things, then, why did timid organized capital quarrel with their men?

There is ground for the following suspicion: Being timid, of course organized capital cannot be accused of bringing Pinkertons to Homestead to provoke the workmen to deeds which would justify the calling-out of the militia, and which led to the subsequent starting up of the plant under the protection and virtual coercion of the military arm of Pennsylvania. Perish the thought! Neither did the Erie, Lehigh, Central and the other lines involved hire anybody to burn cars at Cheektowaga, so that Sheriff BECK would be compelled to call for the militia, and the whole of it. No; this must not form any part of our suspicion as reasonable citizens of a free country, whose special duty—and that of the militia—is to take care of our great and wealthy and timid samples and combinations of organized capital. It is a clear case—upon suspicion—that, if organized capital's champions ever do take it into their heads to level labor organizations once more into the mud of individualism, in which one workman tumbles over another to beat down the price of a day's work—the last few days at Buffalo, and FRICK's engineering in the coke regions and at Homestead, prove conclusively that all that need be done is to start a fire or a riot and call out the militia.

THE SOUTHERN STATES.

IF it becomes necessary to discuss the South during the present campaign, all whom it may concern should remember that it is a very delicate subject. The former slave States have passed triumphantly through various forms of adversity during thirty years; the whole nation has reason to rejoice in the triumph; and all intelligent voters of patriotic impulses will deal summarily at the ballot-box with the political organization which needlessly drags the "Southern Question" in as a sectional issue.

The South is at present enjoying unusual prosperity. It is no longer, as in the old geographies, the land of cotton, rice and sugar cane. It is now a great manufacturing region. Its agricultural products are more varied than those of the North and West. It is the pine region of limitless supply for the future. It is the early garden and orchard and small fruit farm of the American Union. It is naturally the most favored region within our borders. And the South would not be truly American if it calmly submits to being dragged periodically in the mire of sectional and unscrupulous partisan discussion! Political and social conditions in certain parts of the South would be unbearable in the North—think one moment and you will be convinced. Southern politics are righting themselves as fast as could be ex-

pected. Let the South enter this campaign as an integral part of the Union, not as a section.

If, heretofore, the North, East and West have accustomed themselves to forget it, perhaps it is not too late to recall this fact. The former slave States are now in the Union, connected by railroad and telegraph with the rest of the country. They have lands whereon Americans may settle under the homestead laws. Around New Orleans, Charleston and Savannah glorious memories of other days are still clustering, and they are more clearly visible to the eye of patriotism to-day than the unhappy memories of the Civil War. The South and the rest of us are old, old friends. There is no "Southern Question" that should outweigh or dispel these pleasant thoughts.

A BOOM AT PUBLIC EXPENSE.

SINCE 1878 a system of taxation has been proposed in the District of Columbia by which the people of the United States are robbed for the benefit of rich real estate syndicates in Washington City. Real estate and rents there are very high, while taxes are very low. The explanation of the disproportionately low rate of taxation is that since the year 1878 the United States Government pays one-half of all the taxes in the District and improvements in the Capital City on the flimsy plea that the government owns so large an amount of property in the District that it would be unjust to the property owners to expect them to pay a higher rate. The real estate rings of Washington contrive constantly to project statues, parks, buildings and other improvements to be largely or wholly paid for out of the public purse. Is it any wonder, therefore, that real estate in Washington has been "booming" beyond all precedent? Does the State of New York pay half the taxes of the city of Albany because the ten-million-dollar State Capitol is located there? Does the German Government pay half the taxes of the city of Berlin? Does the French Government pay half the taxes of the city of Paris? Does Great Britain pay half the taxes assessed against the property owners of London because Westminster Hall and other public buildings are located there?

What is the explanation? Ah, ask the political estate! Its members will tell you that when that law was passed many Senators and Congressmen had bought real estate in Washington on speculation, and they have since grown rich by the unnatural and inflated values that their special legislation has caused.

ENGLAND'S GREATEST REFORM.

WHAT a glory it will be for Mr. Gladstone to be able not only to bring in a Home Rule Bill, satisfactory alike to English Liberals and to Irish Nationalists, but to confound the prognostications of his villifiers by obtaining the full assent of the nation to his bill when it is sent back to it by the House of Lords! Its opponents have already resorted to every species of misrepresentation, and they will stick at no questionable practice in order to avert this triumph, for they are more "incensed" against the man than against the measure. They are powerful, they are wily and they are unscrupulous. The Tories know that, if once Home Rule be passed, their chance of resisting the flood of democracy that will gather around them is gone forever. The Liberal-Unionists know that their sting will be drawn, and that their vindictive venom will be of no further avail. To hear the Royal Assent given to a large and generous Home Rule Bill would be to me one of the greatest pleasures that I can conceive. This is why I want every precaution to be taken to avoid the possibility of failure, and why I would bring every Liberal soldier into line, well armed, true to his leaders and in good spirits for the final fray.

HENRY LABOUCHERE.

THE "ONCE A WEEK" LIBRARY.

A PLEASANT JOURNEY WITH A CHARMING STORY-TELLER.

Do you wish to travel in goodly company from a burning hut in the prairies through the sunless canyons, the free and airy ranches and the intensely human mining camps of the Cordilleras in search of a Lost Mine that was found at last? Then you must let our genial friend, Mr. J. H. Connelly, who entertained our Library once before, lead you on the pleasant journey. He will show you much fun and real live adventure. All of it will be done in the higher style of real American fiction. Mr. J. H. Connelly's unsurpassed story will be Nos. 21 and 22, Vol. IX.

THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.

August 28—Sunday—"Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."—St. James i. 4.

August 29—Monday—"In performing good deeds I reduce suffering."—Buddhaghosa's Parables (ch. 8).

August 30—Tuesday—"Let us now unite in righteousness, cherishing good, living in gentleness."—Travels of Fa-hien (ch. 39).

August 31—Wednesday—"To do wrong knowingly and then refuse to confess it, is double guilt."—Pratimoksha.

September 1—Thursday—"May wisdom be always with us."—Inscription in Temple of Nakhon Vat.

September 2—Friday—"The fool who sees his own folly is wise so far; the fool who takes his folly for wisdom, is a solid fool."—Dhammapada (v. 63).

September 3—Saturday—"The road to success is not to be run upon by seven-leagued boots. Step by step, little by little, bit by bit—that is the way to wealth, that is the way to wisdom, that is the way to glory. Pounds are the sons, not of pounds but of pence."—Charles Buxton.



ONE need not be an Anglomaniac or any other kind of toady to admire the speed and thoroughness with which the score of men called in England "the government" are changed in deference to the popular will. Of course, the struggle proper takes place during the Parliamentary elections; but no sooner does Parliament meet than the majority passes a vote of "lack of confidence" in the government, the old ministry resigns and a new one is formed—all in less than a single week. To be sure, the party leader who is directed by the queen to "form a new government" must take upon his own shoulders the entire responsibility, and run the risk of being voted out of office whenever he fails to reflect the views of his party; but if he can stand it the people can. Unlike our President, the British prime minister—who is the real head of the government, the queen to the contrary, notwithstanding—isn't harassed to the verge of imbecility by office-seekers, for the ministers and consuls to foreign countries never think of resigning when there is a change of government; they hold their offices for a specified time, or during life and good behavior; as to the postmasters—a body of public officials who are guillotined here at the rate of several hundred a day whenever the government changes hands—they feel equally safe under all administrations. All this is entirely un-American, so, on general principles, it ought to be entirely wrong; yet many of the ablest and most honest of American statesmen, irrespective of party, are praying that the time will come when our own system of government will conform to that of Great Britain in respect to responsibility of cabinets and a lack of struggles for petty offices every time there is a new occupant for the Presidential chair.

How cheaply people may travel by rail in the United States, when there are enough travelers to fill trains, has just been shown by the rush of excursionists westward, incited by the low rates offered on the occasion of the meeting of the Knights Templar at Denver. The round trip from New York and return was about four thousand miles, and the railway companies sold excursion tickets at less than a cent a mile, so scores of trains were quickly packed with tens of thousands of people who were not Knights Templar, and who wouldn't know Knights Templar from Knights of Labor if they saw them side by side, but they did know a good thing when they saw it, and in some way they raised the money for a trip to the Rocky Mountains. Railway men have frequently declared that passenger rates are based on the amount of travel, and that full trains would quickly lead to an immense reduction in the price of tickets, but they have not been able to devise anything but the special excursion to persuade people to make the trips which everyone expects some day to indulge in. Sooner or later some road will take the lead in adopting the system of the Hungarian railways, by which prices are not fixed according to distance between stations, but tickets are sold for a certain number of miles, the purchaser going as far as he likes, within the limits of the ticket. In a land so full of special attractions to sightseers as ours, there ought to be a mint of money for the first trunk line which will run at least one cheap excursion train daily, even if subject to the restrictions and detentions of emigrant trains. People who long to be "on the go" should be encouraged to the full limit of their pocketbooks.

The two principal candidates for the Presidency deserve the thanks of a perspiring public for their delay in writing letters of acceptance. The campaign cannot well begin in dead earnest until such letters have been written and picked to pieces. The period of early frost will be soon enough for such important papers to appear; then the partisans on both sides will be less likely to lose their temper with one another, and they will also have less time in which to annoy the many thoughtful voters who are not partisans at all, but merely patriotic Americans.

If the recent outbreaks of mob violence in Tennessee results in the entire abolition of the "convict contract" system, a great many law-abiding citizens will be almost ready to thank Heaven for the rioters. Whatever may be the merits of the miners' case—which is that convict labor should not be allowed to compete with free labor—the fact remains that in a number of States the custom of hiring out the convicts to whoever will employ them has led to as mean and brutal a slavery system as ever existed anywhere, and that it has injured the reputation of a number of men who never meant to do anything wrong. The custom of hiring out convicts is merely a device to save States the expense of properly carrying into effect the purposes of justice by providing proper prisons and reformatories. If there is a more effective nursery of crime than the average convict camp, the men most interested in prison reform have not been able to find it.

Millionaires do not seem as abundant in the United States as common report and some printed lists would have us believe. One man has recently written to the press to protest that he is not as rich as reported, and that two other men on the published list are no better off than he, while still another is avoided by his friends as a chronic

borrower of five-dollar bills. Some sympathy is due the complainant, for no sooner is anyone reported to be rich, or suddenly in receipt of a large income, than he is attacked on all sides by promoters of new enterprises, bearers of subscription papers and impecunious friends. On the other hand, it isn't strange that a great many men are reputed millionaires through the admiration and lack of business sense of some of their own acquaintances. No sooner does an American cease living from hand to mouth, and cease, also, to complain of the difficulty of getting along in the world, than his friends imagine that he has struck something peculiarly and delightfully rich, and they proceed to talk about it with that remarkable imaginative power which distinguishes all persons who know none of the facts underlying the subject on which they are talking. It is generally forgotten, also, that a man may have millions of dollars' worth of property, all paid for, yet all so unproductive that he must work hard to find money with which to pay the taxes. Of the thousands of Americans who are called millionaires, there is not one in ten who can show the money with which he is credited, or who could get a quarter of the sum were he to put all he owns under the auctioneer's hammer. Don't waste time in envying a millionaire until you know he has a great deal of money in the bank, or securities upon which to borrow.



THE HOME OF GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, LIVINGSTON, STATEN ISLAND.

When Mr. Vanderbilt's half-million-dollar yacht, sunk just after colliding with another vessel, was sold for thirty-five hundred dollars, one veteran yachtsman remarked: "Tisn't much, but he won't have the expense of Wintering her to think about." There was a world of suggestion in this, for all outdoor men know that the most persistently and alarmingly costly delight in the world, an extravagant wife not excepted, is a yacht, while a steam-yacht is about a dozen times as shocking to the pocket as one which uses sails. Of course, millionaires can own steam-yachts and afford to run them, although the interest on a million dollars will not always see one of these expensive craft through the season. Undoubtedly, Mr. Vanderbilt was very sorry to lose his handsome little steamship, but it would not be surprising to learn that a score of other men heartily wish that it had been they who had the accident, so that they might get out, and forever, without confessing poverty, from the unexpected costs of keeping little palaces afloat. Indeed, some are said to have offered their steamers for sale, in good order, at prices little if anything above Mr. Vanderbilt's wreck. "No reasonable offer refused," if they might free themselves of an expense worse than that of a big stable full of horses. Many owners of large sailing-yachts are in a similar frame of mind; pleasure-boats of all classes cost more to maintain than their owners imagined when they bought them; a yacht is as bad as a baby for having unexpected things happen to it, and it never can be sold at half what it cost. All of these facts are good to stow in the minds of the spirited but impecunious young men who spend the Summer in envying the jaunty yachtsmen whom he sees or reads about.

The affection which a man sometimes manifests toward his horse has been the motive of many stories and romances, but in this, as in everything else, truth is stranger than fiction. Mr. Jabez Bostwick, long one of the Standard Oil magnates, a millionaire many times over and a royal good fellow beside, found his stable in a blaze a few nights ago, rushed out to save some of his pet animals, and exerted himself so severely that he died within a few moments. The horses themselves can't rear a monument to his memory, but there isn't a true horseman anywhere that doesn't know just how he felt, or who isn't sure that in similar circumstances he would have acted just as Mr. Bostwick did. It isn't mere admiration of horseflesh which makes some men so fond of their four-footed friends; the feeling is a great deal deeper and akin to the sentiment which a homely philosopher once expressed when he said: "The more I see of men, the better I like dogs."

The old American habit of carrying concealed weapons must have gone out of existence, for all of the trains "held up" by highwaymen are on Western roads, and so little resistance is made that two or three robbers are

generally sufficient to get all that is worth stealing. Indeed, when a few days ago a cowboy who had been traveling with a "Wild West" show drew his revolver and fired upon some "road agents" who were going through a passenger car and relieving the travelers of their valuables, the ruffians were so astonished that they ran away. If railway companies can't afford to employ armed guards for their trains, they might at least give free passes to cowboys and a corresponding sense of security to their passengers.

How strangely a figure of speech may sometimes appear, if taken literally. For instance, we have been told by some of the newspapers, in the last few days, that "Germany and France are suspicious of each other," the truth being that the real Germany and the real France, which consists of the thirty or forty millions in each country who work for their living, aren't in the least suspicious of a similar number, similarly occupied, in the other country, nor do they even give them a thought. Politicians and a few soldiers do all the suspecting in both countries; as for the mass of men in the French and German armies, their principle hope is to complete their term of service without smelling a bit of powder except during target practice; most of them have wives or sweethearts at home, to whom they would rather return peacefully than covered with glory, wounds or a coffin-lid. A little fighting, or the memory of it, lasts a long time in the classes from which food for powder is extracted. The common people don't forget war taxes, either—they can't, for the tax-collector is ever present, and they know that after every war, no matter which side wins, the tax bills are enlarged. When France and Germany do drop into suspicion, their own rulers are suspected quite as much as those of the other nation. Both countries are intensely patriotic, so far as love of country is concerned, but they have many ways of showing their sentiment than that of unloading the home supply of lead into the bodies of foreigners.

Some recent events reported in the newspapers, and which need not be specified, call attention to the abuse of what is called, for lack of a better name, "the common law marriage." For reasons which were strongly criticised by persons earnest in their respect for the sanctity of the marriage tie, some States once passed laws recognizing the conjugal relations of men and women who had agreed to become husband and wife, and had acknowledged themselves to be such, but the principal result has seemed to be an unending crop of scandals. Marriages, alleged to be of this character, yet never heard of, are claimed by some women when certain men—usually men of means—die, and, as one

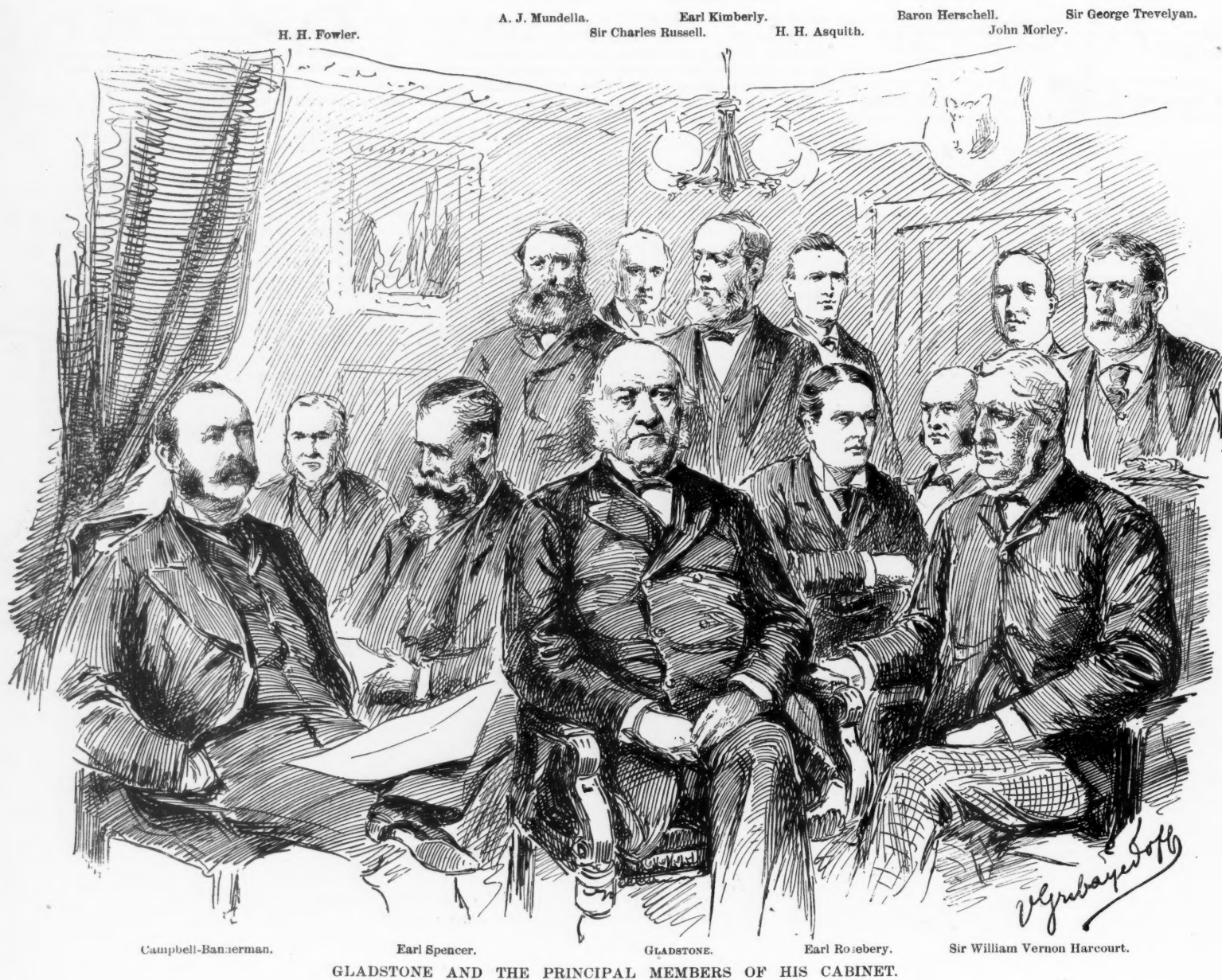
of the parties to the alleged contract is where his testimony cannot be taken, his reputation is at the claimant's mercy. The man who is not careful, in a common law marriage, to acknowledge a woman, before witnesses, as his wife, is not a man whom any woman should trust, and the woman who neglects, until after the death of the alleged husband, to assert her position should not be surprised when the world doubts her word. After all, what possible excuse is there, in this age of numerous and accommodating persons, for a marriage not being properly solemnized, announced and recorded.

Many lovers of literature journey to Staten Island during the Summer months to visit George William Curtis. His recent illness has brought numberless letters of sympathy to the pretty cottage, a picture of which is shown on this page. It is a brown frame building at Livingston, and opposite the neat grounds in which it stands is one of the largest country-seats on the island. In later years, Mr. Curtis has learned to use a typewriter, and he finds great relief from the drudgery of writing in its use. No feature in any magazine in this world has ever been sustained during so many years with such evenness and credit as "The Easy Chair," of Harper's.

A marked peculiarity about the new "religions" which are inflicted upon the public with unwelcome rapidity is a departure from accepted views of the relations of husbands and wives. Anyone, above the grade of tramp, who wants to "go wrong" would like to put a little comforting salve on his conscience, and how better can he do it than by getting a "revelation"—generally from himself—which shall so muddle everything that he sha'n't be obliged to see his own deeds in a clear light? Men sometimes do change their religious opinions for reasons purely mental, no matter how much mistaken they may be; but whenever you hear of a new religion and a new generation of prophets, it will be safe to ask questions about the inventor's family relations. Many men will cheerfully take a contract to reform the world if they may be allowed to conduct their private lives as they please.

COOL RETREATS.

There is Denver, cool, clear, inviting; Colorado Springs, the home-like; Manitou, the abode of the Gods; Idaho Springs and the famous baths, and Boulder, a lovely resting-place at the foot of the mountains. Garfield Beach, on the Great Salt Lake, as a bathing resort is not equaled in this or any other country; nature's champagne flows the year round at Soda Springs, Idaho; the Columbia River, broad and grand, is without a peer for a summer tour, while the beauties of Clear Lake and the splendid new region of the Pacific Northwest opens up a line of tourist travel unsurpassed in America. You can have your choice of climate, any kind of sport, and every condition of superb scenery on the manifold lines of the Union Pacific System.



Campbell-Bannerman.

Earl Spencer.

GLADSTONE.

Earl Rosebery.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt.

GLADSTONE AND THE PRINCIPAL MEMBERS OF HIS CABINET.

THE NEW BRITISH MINISTRY.

THE new British ministry was officially announced in London, August 16th, as follows:

Mr. W. E. GLADSTONE, Lord Privy Seal and First Lord of the Treasury.

Earl ROSEBURY, Foreign Secretary.

Baron HERSCHELL, Lord Chancellor.

Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

HERBERT H. ASQUITH, Home Secretary.



WATCHING THE POLO GAME FROM THE PAVILION.

The Right Hon. HENRY H. FOWLER, President of the Local Government Board.

The Right Hon. H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, Secretary of State for War.

Earl SPENCER, First Lord of the Admiralty.

The Right Hon. JOHN MORLEY, Chief Secretary for Ireland.

The Right Hon. A. J. MUNDELLA, President of the Board of Trade.

Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, Attorney General.

A GREAT POLO GAME.

THERE was a great game of polo, involving splendid horsemanship, at Newport a few days ago. The Rockaway and the Meadowbrook teams contended for a handsome cup offered by the Westchester Polo Club. A splendid exhibition of the beauties of the game was given. The scene on the field resembled the halcyon days when everybody turned out to witness the game. All the space reserved for carriages, the clubhouse and the green between it and the paddock were filled.

The sides and handicap of each player were as follows: Meadowbrook, light blue—T. Hitchcock, Jr., 7 goals; O. W. Bird, 6; August Belmont, 6; Moses Taylor, back, 4; total, 23. Rockaway, dark blue—Foxhall Keene, 10; J. E. Cowdin, 8; J. S. Stevens, 4; R. La Montagne, back, 3; total, 25. This gave the Meadowbrooks an allowance of two goals to start with, and this, except for a few minutes in the third period, the Dark Blues were never able to overcome.

Meadowbrook, by superior riding and team play, forced the ball up well and secured the first goal in fifty seconds. The Rockaways braced perceptibly in the second game and forced the ball up by main strength, giving Taylor several chances to save in front of goal. He proved equal to the emergency. The Dark Blues finally overcame the defense and scored their first goal, after eleven minutes of hard play round the field. The Rockaways at once proceeded to better their score, but were checked by the Light Blues, who, however, had the poor luck to lose the ball under the ponies' feet, and by the ponies kicking it. Keene began to show his great skill and scored by a difficult shot, the ball just grazing the posts. Five minutes remained of the first period, and both tried hard for a goal. Good runs by Keene and Stevens, the latter making some very fast runs, gave Taylor several chances to show his skill, and he did. The Meadowbrooks carried the ball down the field, and Belmont missed the goal by only a few inches.

After a rest, play was resumed. The game proved to be the most stubbornly contested of the day. During the game Keene made a safety by mistake, and Taylor and Belmont all made safeties, but only that made by Belmont was reported. Hitchcock finally took the goal on a pretty shot. The Meadowbrooks had all the best of the

next game, and finally took it. The second period expired with no more goals. The score was now 5 to 3 in favor of the Light Blues, and the Rockaways sailed in to save the game and the money of their friends. Though Stevens



FOXHALL KEENE MAKING HIS GREAT RUN.

began to weaken, Keene and Cowdin showed that they are not wrongfully kept at the top of the handicap list. Keene was the prime cause of three straight goals for the Rockaways. This put the Dark Blues in the lead by a quarter of goal, and the Rockaway supporters felt easier. The lead was not for long. Hitchcock on a pretty stroke scored what proved to be the winning goal. The Meadowbrooks did not play for safety, but kept up their aggressive game. After time had been called, Keene made a great try for goal. The ball went outside by eight inches and the game was won. The Meadowbrooks excelled in team work as a whole; the Rockaways in brilliant individual play. Result: Meadowbrook 6, Rockaway 5 1-4.

A BLIND carpenter took his hammer and saw. A dumb wheelwright picked up a hub and spoke. To which may be added that a deaf farmer drove in his flock and herd.



NEW PLAYS.

THE theatrical season was formally opened in New York City last week. The fact is recognized that it is rather early yet to begin the Fall work, but on the principle that a start must be made sometime, three of the theatrical managers joined with Mr. Hoyt, who has been running through the entire Summer, and opened their houses. At the Fourteenth Street Theater the first production of a spectacular drama by James W. Harkins, Jr., entitled "The White Squadron," was for the first time seen upon any stage. It is a romantic drama in which a naval officer is the hero, and it closes with a very pretty panorama in which the splendid ships of the new American navy are seen. It deals with the turgid incidents of the last revolution in Brazil. It is literally gorged with action and incident. The motive is the desire for vengeance of a young ensign of the Brazilian navy, whose mother has been killed by a general of the Brazilian army. The ensign is loved by the general's daughter, and his scheme for revenge includes the plan of breaking the father's heart by first breaking the heart of the daughter; but, as tradition has always had it, love triumphed and vengeance had to be achieved by other means. The play was well received. Mr. Robert Hilliard and Mr. Henry Lee received much commendation.

At the Lyceum Theater, Mr. Daniel Frohman again



brought E. H. Sothern forward as his chief attraction in a play which we believe the young actor has rehearsed on several occasions before. It is entitled, "Captain Lettarblair," written by Miss Marguerite Merington. Mr. Sothern



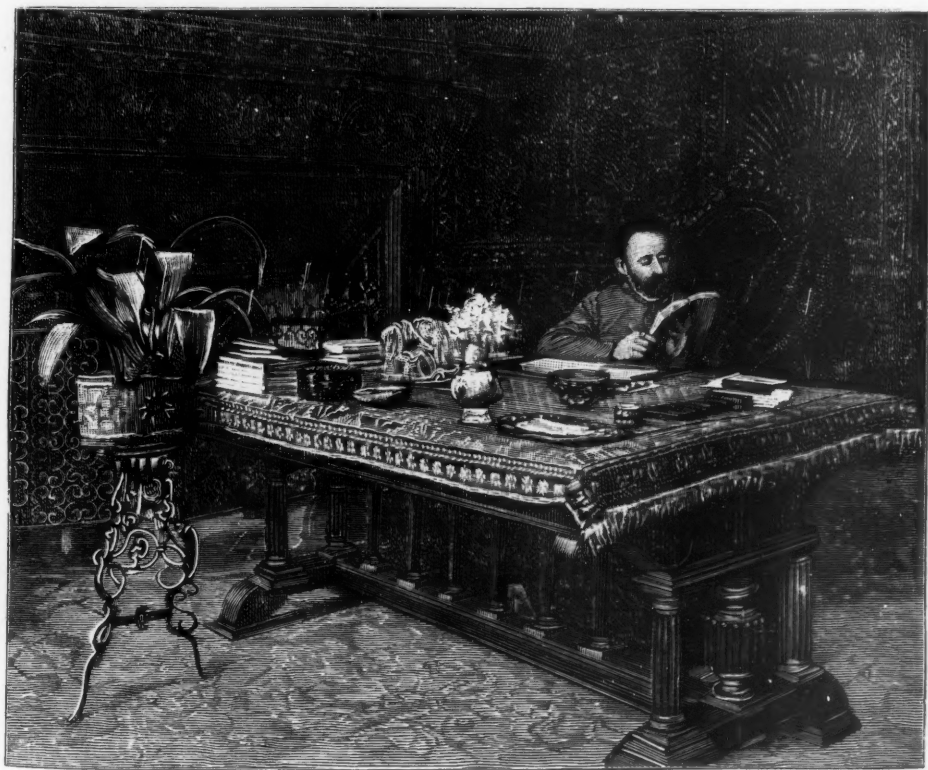
FANNY PROPOSES

Final



NOW YOU CAN READ ZOLA.

ALTHOUGH, even in his most recent books, M. Zola seems to have determined to abide in the "fact school," and, by lack of selection and the sense of proportion, to produce a monstrously distorted view of life, he has, in "La Débâcle" (published by Cassell & Co. under the title of "The Downfall"), triumphantly, and it is to be hoped, finally, freed himself from his vicious methods, and has produced a veritable masterpiece. His wonderful powers of observation and of marshaling detail are as prominent here as in "La Terre" or "La Bête Humaine," but they are purified by thought, and the result is a perfectly balanced and artistic entity. "La Débâcle" has the quality which in literature corresponds to that of atmosphere in a painting: the figures, the scenes, the incidents are all "in the picture." It is the prose Epic of modern war. The reader accompanies two heroes of the Epic, Jean, the peasant soldier, strong, brave and stolid, and Maurice, the "gentleman-ranker," brave, also, but with the hyper-sensitiveness of the Parisian, through the terrible Franco-Prussian War from the opening scenes of the campaign to the disastrous plain of Sedan, and then to the siege of Paris and the Commune. It is mainly with the eyes of these two men that we watch the progress of the hopelessly unequal national struggle; they are the principal characters, but there are no "supers." All the other characters, Severine, the peasant girl, and Honoré, the artillery officer, her lover; the two Sedan merchants, Weiss and Delaherche; Fouchard, the grim and miserly old farmer; and the tender, womanly Henriette, Maurice's twin sister; all these and many others are not only admirable character studies in themselves, but all interact and serve to accumulate and intensify the interest. Not one of them could be omitted without a distinct loss to the effect of the book; and, as a constant and most effective refrain throughout the work, we have the apparition of the emperor, broken in health and spirits, and ever haunted by the awful sense of a responsibility which he was unable either to avoid or to adequately discharge. The element of horror is inevitably predominant, but nowhere is there any enumeration of irrelevant horrors.



EMILE ZOLA IN HIS STUDY.

HOW THE POOR ENDURE THE HOT WEATHER.

To be without a home, to be very poor, to be exposed to the mercy of the streets, to be oppressed with hunger, want and care—is the fate of thousands of men and women in big New York these torrid Summer days.

Who is it that make up the crowd, after nightfall, in the swarming streets? Vain question! But rest assured, the poor, as of old, are always with us; and to be poor in New York means a world of unhappy things.

All day long the homeless man has followed—why, he does not know—the streets where life throbs at its highest, and, now that night has come, he does not care to leave

of watch-weary men and women, these days, in the crowded yet forlorn streets of great New York.

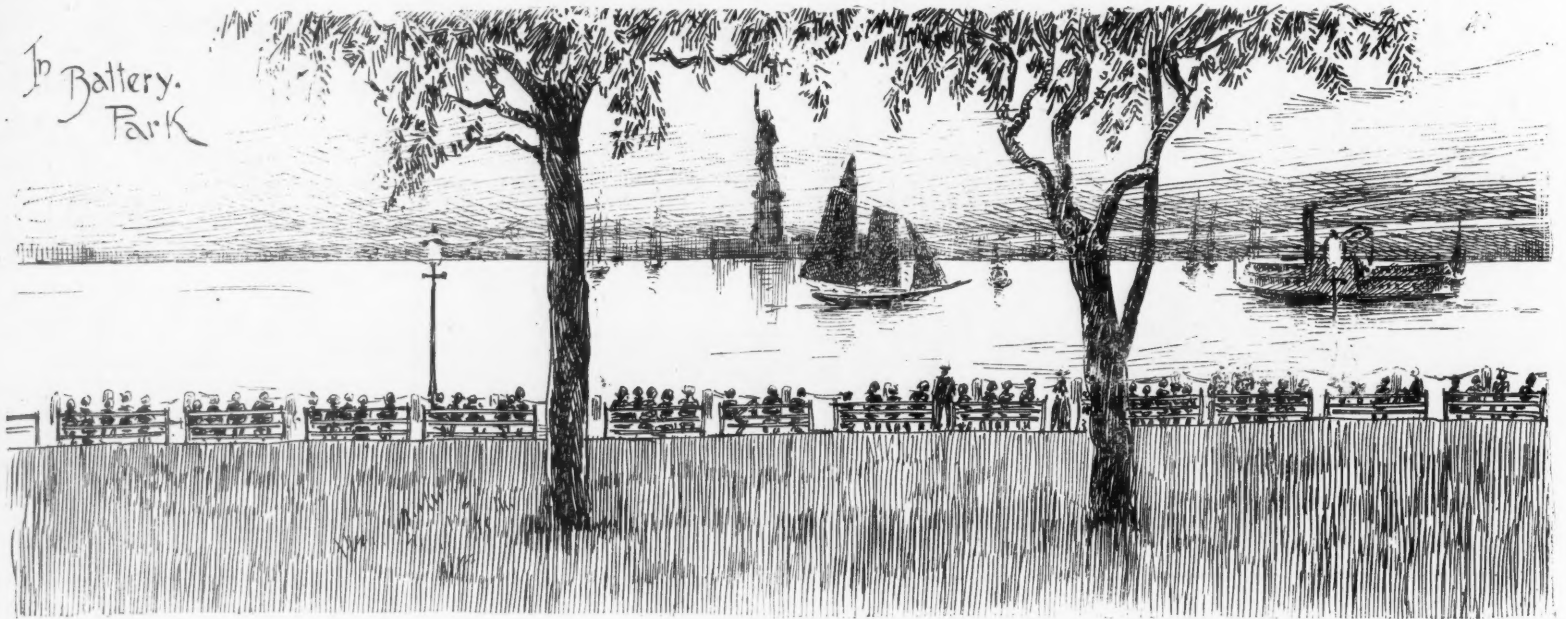
As the night wears away there are those who leave the more frequented parts of the city, and the shuffle, shuffle, shuffle of their feet is heard no more in the half-deserted highways.

Go down to the great public docks, and you will find the wharf crowded with poor men and women striving to obtain some relief from the heat and oppression of the night. They stretch their weary limbs out on the broad, rough timbers, wrap their garments closer, and, with desultory snatches of sleep, wait patiently for day. Throughout the long watches of the night other forms may creep

ragged neighbors; all are striving to obtain sleep and rest on the hard iron benches.

In this park there is a fountain. It is very small, but at night, when the noise of the city abates somewhat, the cooling, gurgling splash of the leaping, muddy water may be plainly heard round about. The men without a home—why, I know not—as the night wears on, crowd closer about the fountain. There they sit for hours, listening to the murmur of the waters; it lulls them to unconsciousness and makes them forget their woes.

Who are these men? As well ask who paved the streets of London or Rome. No doubt there are many professional tramps and worthless beggars; but no doubt,



them. For a time there are the store-windows to divert the attention of the houseless, so that in pitiful sort he may be less conscious of how slowly for him move the leaden hours. And so he mingles with the kaleidoscopic panorama of life, pressed and jostled by hurrying swarms that give no heed to such as he. Well-dressed, contented, happy, they come and they go, while now and then laughter and jollity ripple through the night. The shop-windows are gay with colored lights. The subdued tinkle of music comes from the pleasure-gardens. Men and women greet each other gayly, and pass on to their homes.

Ah, that happy, heedless crowd, it knows him not!

Under the gaslight they come and they go, the homeless ones; they peer out of dark corners, they crawl into boxes in side streets, they are hunted out and told to "move on!" by the police; then they walk the streets once more, they go down to the wharves, they swarm on the roofs; in all these ways they pass the night, awaiting the new dawn, which will once more bring back the old tide of want, hunger and care—such is the fate of thousands

here and there in the shadow, or perhaps a stray cat or a half-starved wharf rat flit noiselessly past the hard pillow, but none of these uncanny circumstances, nor even, for that matter, the loud puffing of the tugboats and other craft, nor the weird flashing of the lamps way out in the black stream disturb these sleepers in their dreams. With

too, there are good men among this human drift, cast afloat by some pitiless circumstance and borne away, in spite of all, from the shorelights of other days, and now have fairly entered the last whirlpool, the cruel and unheeding streets of the big city, through which their footfalls shuffle feebly and soon are to be heard no more.

And meantime great New York goes bravely onward with all its thronging circumstance of mirth, sadness, wisdom and folly.

WAS PREPARED FOR 'EM.

THEY were talking of the wild places they had been. It was in the "smoker" on one of the big trunk lines in this State.

"How is it out West, eh?" asked a tenderfoot, drawing one card.

"In what way?" asked the Rocky Mountain hero.

"Tough?"

"Very."

"Bad men, eh?"

"Most of us carries a revolver and a bowie all the time. It is also good to have a lasso concealed in your umbrella."

"I've heard as much," said the tenderfoot, softly, "but I am willing to take my chances. I carry no revolvers, no bowies and no lasso, yet if any man tackles me, you bet he runs up against the frost. It would be life against life."

He took the trick.

"What—what," said the astonished Rocky Mountain man, "did you say was your business, stranger, eh?"

"I am the author of the latest topical song."



A COURT SCANDAL.

only the sky for a blanket, they sleep on in the oblivion of those who care not when or how the morning breaks.

Another favorite spot for New York's immense army of homeless men and women is in the public parks, those bits of green in the city's wilderness of brick and stone. The officer of the law—for the law must be obeyed—is always near. It is his duty to see that the people sitting out the night get no more than forty winks of sleep at a time; if they do he creeps softly up and gives a timely tap on the heads of the blinking visitors. But the most approved fashion practiced by the New York park police is to beat the sleepers on the soles of the feet. As long as they keep awake they may have the seats, otherwise they must move on.

One of the saddest sights in New York, these days and nights, is to see the swarms who infest the parks—men and women who are cast adrift and who are at the mercy of the streets. A favorite resort is the small spot of green near the big newspaper offices, known as City Hall Park. Here the wandering Willies come in droves and packs. All night long they while away the heavy hours; row on row there they are, hungry-eyed, gaunt, ragged, wretched, staring at you in the night under the flickering rays of the sizzling electric spark. Are they all useless tramps? Many of them are, but not all. They are men, not necessarily bad, not necessarily evil or lazy, who drift about here and there, without a purpose and without a home. Some of them, no doubt, actually enjoy the life. Worn out by the heat of the day, they soon begin to nod; some pretend to read; some hold desultory conversation with



"MOONLIGHT ON THE HARLEM."



The engine gave a long, low whistle, whose wail of sadness was taken up and repeated by the melancholy gurgle of the wind in the telegraph wires.

BOSTON WOMEN ARTISTS.



IN ART, men and women stand shoulder to shoulder, and their work is never to be judged on the basis of sex. Yet little as the sex of the worker counts in art—if the work itself be good—until within the past decade women artists of high rank have been few, and even now a little curiosity on the part of the public as to their

number and style of work is pardonable. Especially is this curiosity pardonable in the case of Boston with its reputation as an art center and as a patron of woman's work. A well-known Boston critic tells me that, twenty years ago, when he wrote about Boston women artists, he found hardly more than half a dozen worthy of critical attention. In contrast to this it may be noted that, at the last Winter exhibition of the Boston Art Club, when oil paintings were exhibited, of the one hundred and twenty-eight exhibitors thirty were women; while at the water-color exhibition of the same club this Spring fifty of the one hundred and ninety-one exhibitors were women. In the first case eighteen, and in the second case twenty-five, of these women artists were Bostonians.

The gem of the Winter exhibition was by many critics thought to be Mrs. Lilla Cabot Perry's "La Petite Angele"—a life-size figure-study, showing a young French peasant in blue blouse seated at an upper window of a quaint, red-roofed house. The young girl's face was unusually spirituelle, and the work, as a whole, showed marked strength. Mrs. Perry is a daughter of Dr. Samuel Cabot and wife of Mr. Thomas Sergeant Perry. Mrs. Perry herself is a poet as well as an artist; her volumes, "The Heart of the Weed" and one published more lately, consisting largely of translations from the Greek, have been very favorably received.

One who has not studied the subject expects, perhaps, to find women artists working less upon portraits and figures than in any other line. But in Boston, at least, this is not the case. Although difficult to make a graded list of those who excel in portraiture, it is less difficult to select a representative group. First may be named Mrs. Phoebe Pickering Jenks, who devotes herself exclusively to the portraits of women and children. It is only thirteen years since Mrs. Jenks, then past thirty years of age, discovered that art was her vocation. Before this she had sketched a little, and, as her husband was an artist, had breathed an artistic atmosphere; but, at this time, an attempt to reproduce a beautiful bunch of flowers which had pleased her resulted so satisfactorily that thenceforth she worked assiduously. She soon found that she was most interested in painting women and children, and that she has chosen wisely is shown by her success. She is particularly fortunate in seizing the evanescent grace of childhood, and the little children whom she portrays seem ready to step from the canvas. Last year she painted sixteen portraits, for her work is in constant demand. Sitters come to her from every part of the country, and she goes frequently to New York, where she has as many patrons as in Boston. (See her beautiful painting of children's heads on page 9.)

Not far from the studio of Mrs. Jenks in the Studio Building is that of Mrs. Noa, who for twenty years has held an unique position as a painter of portraits in pastel. Mrs. Noa is an English woman, and she came to this country when her husband was appointed professor in the Washington University of St. Louis. As the climate of St. Louis disagreed with them, they came to Boston, where Mrs. Noa continued the practice of an art which she had learned under the best European masters. Mrs. Noa is an enthusiast as to the merits of pastel as a medium for portrait painting. Pastels, she says, will not mildew if the artist makes his own pastels and is careful to avoid using vegetable substances. Mineral pastels cannot mildew, nor, if handled properly, will pastels scale. Mrs. Noa aims at giving the porous effects of nature, at breaking up the tones, for nothing but pastels can give the variety of tints to be seen in the human face. She is kept busy by a rather exclusive clientèle of old Boston families. She always succeeds in obtaining a speaking likeness of her subject.

For strength of execution in portraiture, Mrs. Henry Whitman must be placed above all others. She excels in her portraits of men, and one of these—a portrait of Mr. Roger Merriman—hangs in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where also, for a season, was to be seen her portrait of Mr. Martin Brimmer. One of her finest bits of work—a portrait of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—is a gift to the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Philadelphia, presented by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Before the last illness of James Russell Lowell, Mrs. Whitman had begun a portrait of him, which fortunately had so far advanced that it will be possible for the artist to finish it.

Mrs. Whitman is an acknowledged social leader in Boston, and yet she always has time to devote to any good cause that is brought to her attention. She is a member of the Executive Committee of the Harvard Annex, and she has a real and not merely official interest in the School of Drawing and Painting connected with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Several graduates of the Art Museum School, with studios in Boston, now devote themselves largely to portraiture. Among these Miss May Hallowell and Miss Helen Hinds have taken a high position as painters of portraits in oils, water-colors and pastels. Miss Hinds is especially successful in painting babies, and several fine examples of her work have been shown at the Art Club Exhibition. Miss Hallowell's portraits also have been received with marked favor. She, too, succeeds well with children, and not long ago painted a charming portrait of Governor Russell's little son. Both Miss Hinds and Miss Hallowell have studied in Europe.

Miss Helen Knowlton, a favorite and enthusiastic pupil of the late William M. Hunt, has of late exhibited her work less frequently than of old, but a portrait by her, exhibited at the Winter exhibition of the Art Club, showed all the breadth of treatment characteristic of the school to which she belongs.

Few women artists in Boston are better known or more admired than Mrs. Frances Houston, who has lately returned home after an absence of six years with her family in Europe. Her early art education was received in Paris under Lefevre, Boulanger and other eminent masters. On the top floor of her house in Boston she has had a spacious and beautiful studio built. On its walls hang many portraits; one of these—a portrait of her daughter, a symphony in pink—led to her election as a member of the Artists' Club of Naples. A fine picture, "Head of a Woman of Capri," is the property of the Society of American Artists.

Miss Rose Lamb, Miss Bartol, Miss Hale are also admirable portrait painters. More lately in the field are Mrs. Eva C. Cowdery, Annie C. Nowell, Miss Lyle Durgin,



PHOEBE PICKERING JENKS.

Miss Klumke, Miss Kate Watkins and Miss Beulah Strong. Miss Klumke, whose first year it is in Boston, had the honor of having a full exhibition of her work at the St. Botolph Club early in the season.

Miss Lyle Durgin, in 1890, shortly after her return from Europe, executed a commission to paint original pictures of the four evangelists for a church in Detroit. Each of the four canvases is nine feet square, and the artist's conception and treatment of her subject were original.

Miss Beulah Strong has only lately returned from Europe, and Miss Kate Watkins, who is spending her first season in Boston, has been favorably received by both critics and public. Her earliest studies were carried on at the Art Student's League in New York. She returned last Fall from Paris where she had been a pupil of Julien's and Henry Mesler's.

Unrivaled, probably, by any flower painter in America, and certainly without a peer in Boston, is Mrs. Emily Selinger, who has had all the advantages to be obtained from studying under the best European teachers. Born in the South, Mrs. Selinger has had a studio in Boston for six or seven years.

In water-colors, Miss Harriet Durgin and Miss Adelaide Palmer have gained distinction as flower painters, and many other women as yet less well-known are working in this field.

As painters of landscape few Boston women have thus far distinguished themselves outside of the Water-Color Club. Several members of this club—which is composed wholly of women—have entered it half-protestingly, disbelieving in the principle that would gather women artists into a group by themselves. As a matter of fact, this club was formed a few years ago because several women had been refused permission to exhibit at the exhibition of the Paint and Clay Club. The refusal was based perhaps on the belief that the women water-colorists were amateurs rather than professionals—a belief that seemed reasonable since many of these women artists were of prominent social position.

Resolving to make a place for themselves, the women water-colorists formed their little club, and each year have held regular exhibitions. They are all assiduous students and their work has shown a steady improvement. It is altogether clever and even distinguished work; in many ways, perhaps the most notable water-color work now doing in Boston. As a movement it stands for more than anything yet attempted by women artists here. Mrs. Whitman, Miss Hinds, Miss Silsbee, Miss Newell, Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears and Miss Laura C. Hills are among the best-known members of this club.

Outside of the Water-Color Club, other clever landscape painters are Mme. de Peralta, Mrs. Eva Macumber and Miss Lucy Conant.

In still-life—excluding flower painting—and in purely decorative work, few Boston women have achieved the distinction that might be expected. Indisputably beyond all others stands Miss Elizabeth B. Greene, whose work in breadth of treatment could hardly be excelled. A staircase in the house of Mrs. J. Montgomery Lears, and large panels and elaborate decorative work in other great houses, testify to her ability. She aims at large effects, and her ability is shown by her use of huge trunks of trees, trailing vines and similar subjects. Yet, although thus far good decorative artists are few, the opportunities afforded for the study of decoration at the Art Museum School are such that already one can see the beginning of a movement of some importance. Under the direction of Mr. C. Howard Walker and J. Linden Smith excellent work is done in the decorative course. One young girl, a graduate of this school—Miss Edith Brown—having achieved some distinction as a designer of stained glass,

is now at the head of the Decorative Department of the Art School at Cleveland. Another, Miss Elizabeth Child, had a similar position at Norwich, and, later, going to England, after a month or two at the South Kensington School, was first-prize in the decorative course there.

Mrs. Alice Stone, for some years at the head of the Decorative Department of the Cooper Institute, is a graduate of the Art Museum School. Other clever graduates in the regular course of the Art Museum School are Miss Sarah Putnam, one of whose ideal heads, a "woman in white," hangs in the Art Museum, and Miss Edith M. Hower, whose landscapes are wonderfully true to nature. The one Boston woman who makes a study of animals is Miss Elizabeth Strong, who, in her studio at Wellesley Hills, devotes herself—with the best results—to a study of dogs.

Finally, it is to be observed that as yet no Boston women have painted noteworthy paintings in which composition plays a leading part. The women artists of New York excel the women artists of Boston in this kind of work.

HELEN LEAH REED.

BOSTON, August 23.

HALL CAINE IN HIS DEN.

THE NOVELIST IS WRITING A LIFE OF CHRIST.

A LITTLE, square-built stone house, almost hidden from the coach road by thick trees and overlooking the beautiful valley of Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite, with the town of Keswick lying below—such is Hawthorn, the home among the English Lakes of the author of "The Scapegoat," "The Bondman" and "The Deemster."

Hall Caine's personality is well known by this time. He is a son of the people, born of Manx and Cumbrian parents, and coming of the soil in a more literal sense, perhaps, than is the case of any other notable man of letters now living. The peasant and the student, the man born to write books, and yet half fitted by nature for the life of the hills, a certain ruggedness of exterior (loosely, almost untidily, dressed), with real delicacy of physique, the head of an Elizabethan, having a perfectly startling resemblance at some moments to the portraits of Shakespeare—it is certainly a curious and striking blend of personality.

Mr. Jules Claretie recently said, writing about poor Guy de Maupassant's breakdown, that all the great authors are in the habit of writing as the cattle chew the cud or the bees make honey. Certainly I should say that of all the restless workers among them Mr. Hall Caine is quite the most ardent, the most feverish, even the most impatient and indiscreet.

"He is a sheer bundle of nerves," said a famous doctor, recently. But not the example of anybody's breakdown serves as a warning to such impetuous natures.

"What have you got in hand, now?" I asked.

"There's a Manx story, partly written, to be called 'Pete,' or 'St. Bridget's Eve,'" he said; "another Manx story only drafted, to deal with the sale of the island to the crown, and—well, other things."

"Novels or plays?"

"Neither—in some cases; look," and he brought down from a cabinet a pile of typewritten copy. My readers will hardly be prepared for its subject. It was a part of a new life of Jesus. I read some of it and saw its raison d'être instantly. It was to present the personality of Jesus as vividly, as realistically, as closely as any great figure in modern biography; or, not to put it irreverently, as any grand figure in serious romance.

"How long has this been in hand?"

"Years."

"When is it to appear?"

"Years hence, if at all—the public wants me as a novelist and not as a prophet."

During my visit the novelist showed us what he could do in a new walk of literature. He had written a drama, a well-known actor-manager had come up to Cumberland to hear it, and the author read it aloud in the drawing-room. The morning was beautiful and the reader sat in the light of the soft sunshine, looking in his dressing-gown—a Moorish jellab—as unlike a modern Englishman as any such could be, frequently passing his long fingers through his long hair upward from the forehead, and reading with strong feeling.

The life that the novelist lives up in the mountains is a very simple one. That of his home circle is quite primitive. Mrs. Caine is very energetic, and does her own milking, churning and cheese-making, for there is a cow, as well as a horse.

The most memorable hours spent by me at Keswick were those passed in the study with the novelist alone, after work had been done for the day, or rather for the night, for he is too much of a night worker.

It would usually be midnight, the lamp would be burned out, no light but the light of the fire in the room, and only the darkness of the sleeping hills outside. Then it would seem to me that I got closer to the strong and peculiar personality of the man than at any other time. He would tell story after story in his impassioned way, and to hear him tell a story is many degrees more stirring than to read the same when he has written it. The flickering firelight on his face, the animated gestures, the nervous voice—generally in undertone—they are scenes to remember.

Just before I left him I asked him why he did not live in London.

"Because," he replied, "I want to study human nature. And what chance is there, notwithstanding our friend James Payn, of doing that in London? I lived a year in chambers once in old Clements Inn, and there were two men on my floor whose faces I never once saw. Here everyone and everything are known to me. Can there be a doubt as to which is the better school in which to study human nature?"

K.

WHY is a man called honorable who is upstairs beating his wife?—He is above doing a mean act.



THE RETURN OF THE BRIDAL-PARTY.



PORTRAITS OF THREE CHILDREN.

[From the Original Painting by Phoebe Jenks.]



FASHION'S VISTAS.

WHAT is going to be worn in the near future is the question now. The Summer is almost done and the cool, bright days of Autumn will soon demand an entire change of wardrobe. It is always difficult to plan costumes for the days intervening between "hay and grass," as the homely phrase expresses it. However, now that it is the correct thing to wear straw bonnets and grenadine gowns until the snow flies, the difficulty may be more easily met. For the early Fall days these same grenadine gowns made over silk will be popular. A very beautiful one was recently shown the writer. It was patterned with thick silk, with here and there a transparent stripe upon its surface; the skirt was simple, and bordered with a gold and pink shot galon, studded with tiny jet hearts, and surmounting a frill of black velvet, fixed into double points at the back and tying in front with a bow; the sleeves were particularly pretty, made of pink silk draped with black lace, with oversleeves of black velvet cut into points. The old-fashioned color magenta is likely to be seen on many Autumn costumes. A very beautiful evening gown is of pale-gray brocade, florally patterned with a darker tint; the plain skirt is frilled round the hem with ribbon of two shades of gray, edged with a tiny steel fringe, and peeping from beneath these is a small, gathered flounce of magenta velvet. The bodice is cut into a point front and back, edged with the frills of ribbon and steel fringe, and daintily decorated with deep frills of lace, which



EMPIRE EVENING GOWN.

fall over the sleeves and outline deep revers of magenta velvet, while just upon the shoulders appear upright frills of the velvet, and the large, full sleeves have deep, pointed cuffs of the velvet and hanging frills of the lace. This is an effective gown and one whose coloring is extremely original.

Of course the most important feature of the Autumn wardrobe is the cloth costume which may be used either for promenading, calling or traveling—the general utility gown. Two excellent designs for such a gown are given this week. The promenade custom shows one of the close-fitting, box-plaited jackets which promise to be greatly in vogue this Fall. The skirt has a short train. The French feature of the costume is that skirt and jacket are of contrasting hues, the skirt being of green cloth, the jacket of black. The latter is trimmed with gold and green braid which defines the seams, and heads, chevron style, the plait of the basque; it also binds the turned-down collar, from which depend five long tassels in crimped chenille and jet. Handsome ornaments of jet and chenille are placed upon the sides of the jacket. The tiny bonnet is of green straw, trimmed with black velvet, green feathers and gold galon.

The visiting costume is of cinnamon-brown vicuna, shot with golden-brown. The short train is finished with two ruffles of golden-brown silk lined with pink. The bodice shows a quite new feature of slashing and the oversleeves and bodice trimmings are of rich-brown velvet, headed with a brown, gold and pink galon. The hat is of brown straw, the brim being faced with black velvet, green shades of brown and a knot of pink feathers trim it. This is a decidedly chic costume.



VISITING GOWN.

front of the gown is most gracefully draped, and the bodice opens over a picturesque vest and collar of guipure.

AN ELABORATE TEA GOWN.

TEA GOWNS seem to have reached a degree of sublimity beyond which it is impossible to pass. This coquettish garment, in which a pretty woman looks her prettiest, is apotheosized into a costume which is prone to turn the heads of those fortunate enough to behold it. The lines and curves of a beautiful figure are never so subtly displayed as in one of these graceful lounging robes. The illustration shows a most gorgeous example of tea gown art. The materials employed are lovely in themselves and most artistically blended. The gown is of the palest lime-green satin, bordered with tiny yellow roses. The sleeves are of guipure, edged with tiny roses. The

EMPIRE EVENING GOWNS.

FROM Paris comes the rumor that the Early Empire style of dress will be adopted with the coming Fall and Winter season and that the reign of long waists is nearly at an end. Corset-makers will surely fight desperately against this innovation, and it is more than probable that



NOVEL EVENING BODICE.

some compromise between very long and exceedingly short waists will be found by the leaders of fashion. If you are stout, beware of the Empire style of dress. Nothing is so distressing as a plump, round little woman in one of those trying gowns. But if you are young, slender and willowy, and wish an evening gown that will be at once picturesque and original, fashion your dainty mouseline de soi, crêpe de Chine or softly-clinging surah after the accompanying illustration. This is of pale-yellow crêpe de Chine embroidered in tiny buttercups. It is made in the simplest possible fashion, the modest bodice being gathered in a band and bound with a soft sash of the material.

A NOVEL EVENING BODICE.

THE antipodes of the Empire bodice is shown in this novel evening corsage. The arrangement of the tulle or chiffon garniture is quite new, the accordion-plaited sleeves being most effective. Only the most slender waist can bear the ordeal of the three straps of ribbon or velvet.

CURRENT MODES.

It would seem that the plaid craze which has been devastating Paris has broken out here. Plaid silk blouses are seen, and it is certain that dark plaids and tartans will be extensively worn this Fall. Corduroy, an old favorite, is again to the fore.



TEA GOWN.

A beautiful costume may be made of tan corduroy. The skirt must be hemmed with black satin and the coat should be faced with black satin revers, graduated to a point at the waist, both back and front, with a belt of black satin. At the close of the season a new sleeve, which is meeting much approval, is the leg-of-mutton order, cut in one piece from the wrist to the shoulder; but, instead of the upper portion standing up full and broad, it falls in diagonal folds from the shoulders downward. Green will be a most fashionable shade this Autumn. Stripes have had their day. Moiré antique glacé will be very much employed for evening gowns. Black will again be in favor for evening wear. The fashion of velvet sleeves differing from the dress, with evening toilette, is really very artistic, and not so patchwork as one would at first fancy. Of course much depends on the manner in which it is carried out; the contrasts of color must be harmonious. With black gowns, the short, puffed sleeves may be of coral-pink, pale-green, mauve, turquoise or yellow velvet; with white and light dresses, dark velvet makes the best contrast; black or dark-green with pink; black or dark-brown with blue or yellow; heliotrope, pink or almost any other color with white or cream. The bodice should be trimmed with a little velvet to match the sleeves, either as a waistband or as a drapery across the top of the bodice.

Sometimes the sleeves reach the elbow, but these are not so pretty or stylish as the short sleeves. In jewelry emeralds are to the fore once more. Sleeve-links, with a diamond ball at one end and a small bar at the other, are new. The little jeweled hearts which possess sentimental possibilities are yet sought. A superb fan of ostrich feathers has a handle of tortoise-shell, on which is a flight of diamond swallows.

A WORD ABOUT COATS.

THERE is a revival of our fancy for the full-basqued coat. This, which has a Louis XVI. flavor, is to be greatly in vogue. It is sometimes fashioned with a seam round

the waist, and the basque cut upon the same principle as the gored skirts, sometimes set into a couple of flat plaits upon the hips and two more in the center of the back. Then, again, it is to be found simply gathered into the seam and terminating a few inches beyond the hips toward the front, with a belt round the waist arranged to pass beneath short jacket fronts, which are but semi-fitting. A charming novelty is a semi-fitting coat, the front trimmed with stitched bands of leather, as are also the cuffs. The semi-long Russian coats, braided in gold, are very smart. A capital new cloak is single-breasted, with strap-plaits like a Norfolk jacket, the hood accompanied by a cap united to it and very useful in traveling. Many long open jackets have square-rolled collars and waistcoats cut low like a gentleman's dress-coat. Driving-coats are still shaped like frock-coats, and with no seams at the back. Most of these are double-breasted.

A PALE-GREEN ROOM.

EVERYBODY has a blue or a red room. It is strange that the charming possibilities of pale-green are not better realized, especially in country houses. A delightful bedroom may be arranged with ivory paint, sea-green walls and sea-green and white ceiling paper. There should be sea-green matting with white fur rugs on the floor. The window curtains should be of green cretonne, with under curtains of white muslin. The toilet cover, pincushion and other little accessories should be of green satin, covered with polka-dotted muslin and frilled with lace. Nothing could be finer or daintier than a room done up in this fashion.

A PRETTY MUSIC CASE.

A NOVEL music case is made of reddish-brown velvet, embroidered with a lyre in golden-brown tints. They are made very like a mouchoir case, in long, shallow shape, sufficiently wide to inclose a piece of music folded in half. They may be suspended from the arm by a cord and have the merit of being very convenient.



PROMENADE COSTUME.

A LITTLE MAID'S FROCK.

A CHARMING frock for a little maid of almost any age is of white China silk. It has a full bodice gathered over a yoke of white lace threaded with baby ribbons, tied down in front in small bows, and deep cuffs to the sleeves, trimmed to match the yoke. A sash of the silk encircles the waist. The skirt is finished with two frills of lace run with baby ribbon. The white crinoline straw hat is trimmed with pink-tipped daisies and bows of soft pink ribbon.

FANCIES AND FASHION.

A JAPANESE decoration is very pretty for a dinner-table. Japanese figures, beautifully carved in ivory, hold small branches of bamboo. The menu cards are tiny Japanese fans. Small bowls of Japanese ware contain pot-pourri.

Another pretty decoration may be arranged by tea-rose ribbon, laid flat on the table to form a square. At each corner, make a large bow of ribbon with long ends coming almost to the edge of the table; lay on the bow a spray of asparagus fern and one or two tea-roses. In the center of the square place a Coalport china bowl filled with roses and asparagus.

An anxious subscriber is informed herewith that she need not leave her handsome tea gowns and negligees at home. She can wear them on her travels. They are suitable for morning-wear, for five o'clock tea in her friend's boudoir, for lounging after the theater and for informal luncheons.

A simple and effective bonnet may be easily made by the amateur dressmaker. Take a coarse pink straw with a door-knob crown and tie round the knob a black velvet ribbon. Place a fan-plait of feather-edged chiffon in front and jet antennae above. Add black velvet ties. Another home-made bonnet: Take a straw platter-shape, cut out the middle and replace with a jet jam-pot crown. Mix black lace and a bunch of strawberries and pin on for trimming, and have strawberry velvet ties.



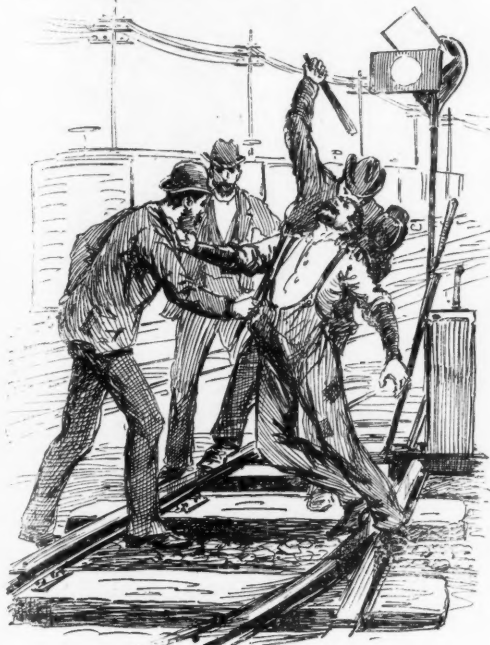
A MAID'S FROCK.

THE NEWS OF THE DAY.

[Five days are required to print ONCE A WEEK, and this page is changed every morning.]

THERE is no disguising the extreme gravity of the situation at Buffalo, and every indication points to an approaching clash between the strikers and the militia. An apparent desire exists on the part of the strikers and their sympathizers to create trouble. They appear to be doing everything in their power to bring about a collision between their forces and a part of the militia, and are leading up to it gradually, in order to throw the blame for the first of the outbreak on the militia. The entire National Guard of this State is under arms.

Governor Flower, of New York, on Thursday called out



ATTACK UPON A "SCAB" SWITCHMAN.

the entire National Guard, and six regiments went to Buffalo at once. More than ten thousand additional men were thus put under arms. Sheriff Beck and Mayor Bishop were induced to join in the following message:

BUFFALO, N. Y., August 17th.
Roswell P. Flower, Governor, Executive Mansion, Albany, N. Y.:

We have become satisfied that the situation here in Buffalo, under the pending strike, has become so serious that we ask that the National Guard of the State be called out to protect the lives and property of citizens of this city and county.

AUGUST BECK, Sheriff.
CHAS. F. BISHOP, Mayor.

The sentries are patrolling the trainyards on beats eight to twelve feet apart. Tents have been ordered to the camp from Albany, and everything indicates that the stay of the soldiers will be a long one.

Private Frederick R. Elsaesser, of the Sixth, was accidentally shot by Lucien Holmes, a fellow soldier, this morning. Holmes was snapping the trigger of a rifle when it went off, the bullet striking Elsaesser, passing through his head. Elsaesser died in an ambulance on his way to the hospital. The rifle was loaded, contrary to orders, and Holmes supposed it to be empty.

The claim of the Buffalo switchmen is for a ten-hour day with the pay that went with the old twelve-hour day and extra time for every hour they work beyond the number of ten. The scale in force until the moment of the strike was twenty-three cents an hour for switchmen and twenty-four and a half cents an hour for foremen. These two figures are for night work. For day work they were paid twenty-one and twenty-three cents respectively. They want twenty-five and twenty-seven cents for night work and twenty-three and twenty-five cents for day work. This the company refused to pay and a strike was ordered. The net result of the strike up to Tuesday, the 16th, includes three incendiary fires in the Lehigh Valley yards, causing a loss of seventy thousand dollars; the destruction of a string of coal cars unbraked and started down a trestle, demolishing a locomotive and a water-tank; the establishment of a reign of terror by derailing passenger trains and even submitting passengers to the "authority" of the strikers, demanding what said passengers "are doing around there"; the stopping of the United States Mail, which may get the "boys" into serious trouble, and the offering of big rewards for evidence to convict the rioters who caused the destruction of property.

July and August, 1892, will mark an epoch in the history of industrial agitation in this country. The Homestead lockout-strike, the Erie and the Lehigh Valley switchmen's strike at Buffalo, and the Tennessee miners' all but successful resistance of Governor Buchanan, are facts of serious import. They are disturbances whose result is not yet in sight.

At Homestead, hundreds of the locked-out men are leaving, having secured employment elsewhere. Those who remain behind will probably receive assistance from fellow-unionists as long as they need it. It is generally understood in labor circles that Carnegie steel will not be cheerfully handled by organized labor. Thus a new crop of strikes, desultory, wasteful and destructive of peace, may be looked for from time to time.

LONDON, August 18, 1892.—The *Daily News*, referring to the labor troubles in America, says:

There has been nothing like these riots in the experi-

ence of the present generation. It is the saddest disappointment to lovers of liberty in the history of our time. It is useless to say that America is no worse off than her neighbors. If she is no better off, she has distinctly failed.

THE BORDEN MYSTERY.

It is now announced that at the secret inquest in the Borden murder case at Fall River, Mass., Bridget Sullivan, the servant, testified that she saw Lizzie Borden hiding a hatchet in the sitting-room just before her father returned from his walk on the morning of the murder. This evidence caused the arrest of Lizzie. A very startling bit of evidence, this, and highly improbable that it should have been kept from the public so long. The officers deny the above story, but they do not deny that Bridget's testimony would be something almost as startling. The intimation given that Bridget would contradict Lizzie's statement about the visit to the barn and on other minor points seems to be well supported. Bridget, it is said, was looking out of the back window upstairs when Lizzie thought she was at work in the front of the house.

The idea that the State can establish no motive is also combated to-day. The old subject of the will was brought up again.

There is at least one man to whom, as the story goes, Mr. Borden, talking about his will, said that his second wife had been devoted and loving, and he intended that she should have a better provision than her widow's third. The State will endeavor to prove that his intention was well known in the family and his daughters protested against it.

Two ways have been suggested by which the defense could interfere seriously with the plans of the prosecution. If on the preliminary examination the prosecution should not call all its witnesses, nor present its whole case, which would be in accordance with custom, the defense might summon these witnesses and perhaps disclose the State's line of action. Or at the trial, if there is one, Lizzie Borden might refuse to testify and it would then be impossible to confront her with the witnesses who have contradicted her testimony.

Charles H. Peckham, of Central Village, Westport, Mass., walked into the central police station at Fall River, August 18th, and said to Assistant Marshal Fleet: "Mr. Marshal, I killed Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Borden, and I have come from home to give myself up. I went over the back fence and through the rear door of the Borden house two weeks ago to-day, and I killed both of those people out of pure love for blood. I went out the rear door and over the back fence and walked over the New Bedford Road home. I'm the murderer, and I want to be locked up."

The marshal took him to the cell room and searched him. He found a pocketbook with a few receipts in it, and also unearthed some official communications from the Russian Bureau at Washington. Peckham is sixty-two years of age, about five feet six inches tall, and has a thin, gray beard. He says he leases a farm from Edmund Davis. The police are hunting up his relatives or friends.

STRANGLED HIS MOTHER.

Richard I. Crocker, a young New Yorker, strangled his mother at Carlsbad on August 16th, in a fit of insanity. While the mother and son were supping together, the servant being absent in his own room, the son suddenly



TRYING TO SAVE THE BURNING FREIGHT-CARS.

took a rope, evidently prepared for the purpose, from a wardrobe and twisted it around his mother's neck. Her shrieks brought a number of servants, but they were too late to help her. The murderer regarded the corpse on the floor with the greatest indifference and made insane remarks.

Mrs. Crocker was a resident of New York City and did

not belong in Chicago, as stated. She was a very charitable woman and was constantly giving to the poor.

SAVED BY A DREAM.

Charles Spellman, of No. 130 West street, New York, dreamed that a band of Kickapoo Indians had captured him and that they were engaged in burning him at the stake. The Indians danced around him awhile, and then piled more fagots on the fire they had built under him. At last he felt himself choking to death from the smoke, and struggled to escape from his horrible fate. His struggles awakened him. Then he found that real smoke was choking him, for his room was on fire. An electric light wire that ran through his apartment was sizzling and sputtering at a frightful rate. The woodwork of the room was ablaze. The property loss was only one hundred and fifty dollars, but the fright that Spellman experienced cannot be reckoned in money.

"MANDEVILLE" DEAD.

George Victor Drogo Montagu, Duke of Manchester, who has been lying dangerously ill at Tanderagee Castle, County Armagh, Ireland, is dead. He was born in 1853, and on May 22, 1876, when he was Lord Mandeville, he was married to Consuela, daughter of Antonio Yznaga del Valle, of New York. He leaves a widow and three children, two of them twins. The duke succeeded to the dukedom in March, 1890, upon the death of his father, the seventh duke. He was a first cousin of the Hon. Robert Montagu, whose wife is undergoing a sentence of one year's imprisonment for the manslaughter of her baby.

Bessie Bellwood, the concert-hall singer, recently



ORGANIZING A SHERIFF'S POSSE.

brought suit against the duke for money that she said she loaned him before he reached ducal dignity. The duke, in answer, denied that he owed her anything. His father died on March 21, 1890, and he succeeded to the title.

AMONG THE MONEY-MAKERS.

THERE is, unquestionably, a much more hopeful feeling in Stock Exchange circles than has existed for some months. The Summer is advancing, and the time when the people who are usually prominent in stock operation will return to business is near at hand. When they come back they will find a situation favorable to higher prices and they may be expected to conduct their operations on that side of the market.

In recent days speculation has shown a disposition to broaden, but in large measure to investment buying of stocks which are pretty sure to continue to be dividend payers. I don't mean to say that all the increased buying has been by investors, but a certain amount of it has been, and it has induced operations in the same stocks by the speculative element. The purchases of the granger stocks, for instance, are based on the large grain receipts which are being reported daily at Chicago, the same being excellent evidence of the large traffic the railways are carrying. Some of the buying is undoubtedly for the purpose of covering short contracts which were entered into at a level of prices much below the one now existing.

A strong effort has been made to induce a scare on the silver question with a view of breaking prices so that the bears might be able to get out whole. It was only partly successful. Silver bullion certificates sold down to 82½, the lowest price they have ever touched, but subsequently they recovered quite sharply. The recovery was due to the growing conviction that the production of the metal will be lessened in view of the low price it commands.

Wall Street operators do not regard labor troubles as very good material on which to bear prices, consequently the strikes at Buffalo and elsewhere have not had a very depressing influence. The news of the rioting and of the destruction of property checked the advance for a few hours, but weakness was not developed. The continued gold shipments have had a purely sentimental effect and it has not been very pronounced. The movement cannot continue much longer, neither is it likely to assume large proportions.

The cliques which have been manipulating the industrial stocks are still hard at work. While Sugar is yet active, National Cordage and General Electric are largely dealt in at advancing prices. General Electric has suffered a mild reaction, but steam is again on, and it is now selling at the highest price it has ever touched. Mr. Keene's office is the central point of the manipulation, and the talk from there is that it is going to sell at 150. Sugar will undoubtedly be placed among the ten per cent. dividend payers this Fall. Cordage is also said to be earning large money, and for it much higher prices are talked. But the uninitiated should be on the lookout for sharp reactions.

MIDAS.

ROCKAWAY.



A BELLE OF THE BEACH.

If you want to see the Bowery of Summer resorts, take the boat some bright morning for Rockaway. Go down on the crowded pier at the foot of West Twenty-second street and watch the excursionists arrive. You will see people of all ages, sizes and languages. Every woman has a lunch-basket and a baby. Every young girl has a square-cut bang. Every youth walks with a swagger and his hat on his ear. A maiden in a tawdry tartan silk frock is indulging in airy persiflage with a deckhand. "Aw, go 'long now," she is saying; "sha'n't speel wid youse if ye give me such gaff." A bold-eyed, hook-nosed youth stares impudently in a lady's face as she buys her ticket, and, fondly imagining that he has fascinated his victim, attempts to speak to her. She gives him one withering glance and his cronies burst into harsh laughter at his discomfiture. Crowds pour on the big boat. Everybody is eating, drinking, singing and whistling. Women are "shooing" or yanking their children along, according to their condition of behavior. Red-faced men yank off their coats and sit panting and perspiring in their shirt-sleeves. Waiters are darting about with trays of beer, ginger ale and soda-water. "Make a gangway by de cheers fer de waiter," is the tocsin of those who serve. The pail-and-shovel-man is crying his wares: "Real gold and silver palls to-day for a dime. Will hold water and sand. Sand thrown in; don't cost anything," at which witticism the ladies from Christie street and Avenue A are convulsed with merriment. A dubious band bleats defiantly in one corner of the deck. Above and under and through all the confusion and hurly-burly rings the shriek, howl, yell and moan of babies. See that one yonder—big-headed, heavy-eyed, white as death. Its head is held in place by an instrument of wire and straps. But that wretched little creature is surrounded by a group of adoring women, who lavish the kisses upon its pale, weazened little face which Madame Murray-Hill expends upon her King Charles. As a jewel in a swine's snout is the affection of the tenement-house. Look! There is a woman whose pale face has haunted you for many a day since you saw her walking the deck of a Glen Island boat holding a dying baby in her arms. For hours that heroic mother carried the gasping, panting little morsel of humanity up and down, only



"HOT SAUSAGES AND ROLLS."

pausing to wipe the tears from her sunken cheeks. To-day she is dressed in a shabby black gown and bonnet and there is no baby in her arms.

The big boat swings out from the pier, crowded to its railings with "pleasure-seekers." Beer sells faster, so do popcorn and lemonade. Girls in white muslin skirts, cheap blouses and narrow-brimmed sailors; girls who chew gum and thrust their hands in the pockets of their funny little jackets, fall to dancing with each other or with their "fellers." Round and round they go like tops, with serious faces set on solemn pleasure, bodies held stiffly erect and still chewing gum.

"I'd like a glass of beer," timidly says a boy of fifteen to his mother.

"Beer? well I never!" with a virtuous gasp, while his grandmother, a stout old dame with whiskers and a snuff, glares manacingly at the offender.

"I'm surprised, Alexander," she mumbles, "them as has beer home drinks it out, but them as hain't got it home don't never drink it out." And Alexander is fain to content himself with looking on the destroyer as it is guzzled by "them as has it home."

"W'at youse takin' up so many seats fer?" growls a deckhand as he comes upon a shabby little man in black, who is feeding and looking after four children, the youngest of whom is only able to toddle.

"The children, you see—" begins the father, apologetically.

"Wall, why don't youse hold some of them and let your wife hold the rest? Don't you see folks standin' up?"

"My wife is dead," says the shabby little man, "I have to look after them the best I can."

The deckhand mutters confusedly and sneaks.

Down the bay, past Liberty, the forts, the ships, Coney Island's snowy sand, slowly creeps the boat. Hour after hour passes, and just when you are beginning to look out for the coast of Ireland somebody shouts, "Rockaway!"

So that is Rockaway.

Time was when poets wrote bombastic verses in its praise. Don't you remember hearing your mother sing:

"On old Long Island's sea-girt shore
Many an hour I've whiled away,
In listening to the breakers' roar
That washed the beach at Rockaway.
Transfixed I've stood while Nature's lyre
In one harmonious concert broke,
And catching the promethean fire
My inmost soul to rapture woke."

Time was when Rockaway was considered most attractive. At least, so say the oldest inhabitants. But now Nature's lyres and promethean fires and inmost souls have little in common with this cheap and bedizen corner in Vanity Fair. Rockaway has plenty of noise and blare, together with a delicious and artistically blended odor of decayed fish and hot sausages. And nowhere, unless it be in a place to which it is not good form to refer, can it be hotter than on that one narrow, close street, that miniature Bowery, shut in by shanties, fakirs' booths and dime museums.

There is bathing at Rockaway. The surf is said to be



WAITING ON THE PIER TO GET HOME.

the best along the Long Island coast. On a fair day two thousand people splash and flounder about in the big waves. These are not the people who bring their bathing suits. They rent them. If you go down to the sea and watch the bathing you are filled with dismay and fright. All the tall, lank men invariably get the very shortest togs and the fat women are squeezed in suits many sizes too small. Then no one sees fit to fasten the belt of the bathing suit, but permits it to dangle behind. The result is that when this procession rises from the foam of the sea it is like the unlooked-for appearance of a train of marine monsters—hideous, appalling and prehensile. Small wonder the babies shriek.

One day last week I went to Rockaway.

Afterward, when with dulled senses and muffled memory, I tried to recall what happened, I was vaguely reminiscent of an ever-shifting phantasmagoria—people, donkeys, horses, clams, babies, beer and bedlam.

I walked along the principal thoroughfare of this thriving settlement, looking in vain for a promising place in which to satisfy an appetite born of a three hours' ride. Each hostelry looked more forbidding than its neighbor. At last I sought counsel of a fat, good-natured officer, who, after telling me that all the places were excellent, recommended the inn kept by Mr. Rivers as being by all odds the best on the beach. Hither I bent my steps. The tables, with their soiled linen, the cracked dishes, the



"IN THE SUMMER, SUN-LIT SEA."

army of flies rather daunted me, but having reached that stage where man becomes a monster with only one desire—to gnaw something—I pressed on and consulted the menu.

"At such a place one is safe in ordering a clam chowder," I said, in my fatuity. Therefore I ordered clam chowder. I took one mouthful and wished I were dead.



A BOARD WALK RESTAURANT.

When it was removed, I decided to try a bit of bluefish. Experience is a dear school, but there is a certain class of people who cannot, by any possibility, learn in another, so I tasted the bluefish.

When it had gone to seek the garbage barrel or to be redressed and foisted upon another fool, I said: "Well, at least I can have a glass of milk."

The milk was brought. I drank half a glass, sour as it was, for I was famished. Then I went forth and walked up and down the land seeking whom I might devour. To a kindly-faced old man at the railway station I said:

"Perhaps, sir, you can tell me if there is a place in Rockaway where I could get something to eat?"

"Plenty of places," he briskly rejoined; "the only trouble is ye'll have to give up yer eye teeth."

As I still nave use for my eye teeth I hesitated, but asked again:

"Where shall I go?"

"To Rivers's."

"I have just come from there," and I repeated my tale of woe. To my amazement the old man burst into uncontrollable mirth. He sniggered and chuckled and hugged himself in very ecstasy of glee.

"Are you laughing at my sufferings?" I demanded.

"Lord bless ye, no. I wuz thinkin' how I'd give that to a friend of mine whose a-boardin' there. He's been a-crackin' up that place and a-braggin' of their victuals for a week. But, then," he added, with grim humor, "he's a lawyer. What kin ye expect? I'm sorry for ye, ma'am, but I guess ye'll have to wait till ye git back to New York."

I did.

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

TO SUMMER.

SUMMER,
Proud princess of the year,
All hail to thee
And little rain.
I greet thee with a smile
And a broken-backed attempt
At
Blank verse,
Which
My friends tell me
Is the blankest verse they ever
Saw.
I hail thee with joy,
For
I hope that I may go to the seashore
(On business for twenty-four hours),
Because I understand that board
Is much cheaper here in the deserted
Town
During your reign,
And because
I may sleep o' nights in the park
Without attracting the attention
Of anyone save a few unfortunate
Mosquitoes.
But treat me well
Else I hail thee no more.
Don't make me
Hot.

TOM HALL.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

WHEN the cows come home o'er the silent lea,
And the leaves are a-rustling soft and free,
And a twilight blending the sun doth shed
On the earth below and the clouds o'erhead,
And the turkeys roost in a friendly tree—
Then my thoughts go back to my childish glee
In the pastures green, and the "Good-night" tea
That my mother made fairly turns my head—
When the cows come home!

Sweet thoughts of love are all naught to me
When home comes in with its gentle plea
Of mother and father, now long since dead,
And my heart to those fond scenes seems led
At eve when the sun's last rays I see—
When the cows come home.

FRANK C. TUCK.

TWENTY MILLIONS A YEAR.

"The dustie miller bath a thumbe o' golde."—CHAUCER.
(Sixteenth of a Series of Interviews.)

"I WILL see if I can discover this man's secret for minting gold. His brain, like one of his many mills, is grinding away day by day and year by year, and the grist is a golden mountain of twenty million dollars per annum."

Charles A. Pillsbury is a remarkable man. In twenty-one years, as he told me yesterday, he had succeeded in working up a business of twenty millions a year; but what will the social dawdlers say when they learn, as I heard from Mr. Pillsbury's own lips, that in all this time he had never enjoyed a week's vacation! Business, business, business.

"I am a very busy man," he said, "and although I have been to New York many times, I have never been to any of your famous art galleries; never have seen any of your so-called sights. The Produce Exchange is good enough for me."

"But you love pictures?"

"I do; I own some of the most costly paintings in the United States; and although I am passionately fond of art, I have never yet seen the day—and it is years now since I began trying—when I could find time enough to go up to the Metropolitan Museum of Art."

"And in the Old World?"

"When I go to London I rush right away to Mark Lane, where the flour and grain is sold. The rest of the party go sightseeing. I have never seen Windsor Castle, the Houses of Parliament, or the Tower."

Business, business, business. It is written in every line in his full, round face; it glistens in his gray eyes; it lives in his quick, energetic ways of speech; it flashes in his air of intense earnestness. Charles A. Pillsbury is graying with age. His complexion is assuming the ruddy under-tinge of those who have the vital temperament and who have passed life's meridian. His figure is becoming rotund. There is solidity, assurance and determination about the man; there is ease, grace and readiness of speech. When he tells you, in his abrupt, terse way, that "he does three times as much work as the other boys," you believe him; when he says that he "is a steam engine at working," you do not doubt the truth of his remark; when he says "the boys usually express my thoughts, when I am called on for an interview, in short, sharp Anglo-Saxon," you look alive for epigrammatic utterances.

"I believe in dunghill men and in thoroughbreds."

We had been chatting about success in business. He had concluded half a dozen short sentences with this quaint observation. He continued thus: "My notion is that the right kind of a man, a thoroughbred, can attain his ambition, whatever it may be. But he must make up his mind that nothing will take the place of good, honest work."

"The boys of to-day do too much clock-watching."

"They are afraid they will do a trifle more work than they are paid for."

"There are too many square men in round holes."

"There are too many round men in square holes."

"To what, Mr. Pillsbury, do you owe your own success?"

The gentleman never hesitates. He answers everything as though by intuition. He is saying just then, with a slight motion of his fine, white hand, as he reclines in an easy position in the big chair:

"To my power, of judging men and to organization. You know no man can succeed unless he is in something he likes. I am in something I like with all my heart and strength."

"You say your success is due to organization?"

"That's it. Get your mind made up as to what you would like to do. Then begin at the bottom. You can't begin at the top. Then organize. Then sit back and see her go."

Business, business, business.

"How do you select your men?"

"Don't know; it's instinct, I should say. How do you pick out your sweetheart? You don't know, do you? Well, neither do I know how I hit on the right men."

The millionaire shifts in his chair now and again. He kicks impulsively at a trunk with his boot-toe. Sometimes he makes a quick motion with his hands. He is in-



MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.
(Where the Food Exhibition will be held.)

THE GREAT FOOD EXPOSITION.

For the first time in the history of the United States a great national exhibition of food products will be held at Madison Square Garden, New York City, showing the progress made by this country in the past four hundred years, and demonstrating the fact that this is the greatest food-producing country in the world. October, 1892, was selected on account of its being the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. This will be the first strictly food exposition ever held, either in this country or abroad, the exhibits being confined exclusively to food products, the manufacturer being allowed to exhibit only such manufactured articles of food as he will put his name upon and warrant. Not alone will manufactured food be exhibited, but produce direct from the soil, sea and dairy. One of the most novel attractions will be the exhibit of dairy products. There will be two such exhibits, one under the auspices of Josiah K. Brown, N. Y. State dairy commissioner, and the other a national exhibit, in charge of Professor James Cheesman, who represented the Agricultural Department of the United States Government at the Paris Exposition. It is proposed to devote nearly the entire Exposition Hall, with its over ten thousand square feet, to this department of the exposition.

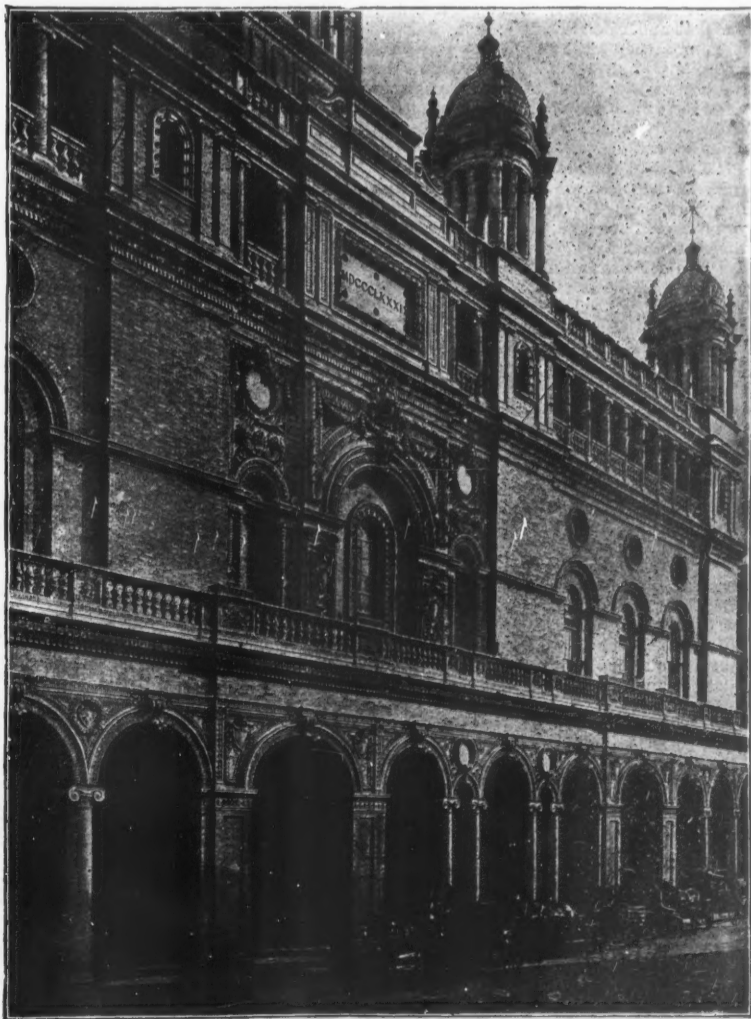
The vast amphitheater, with a floor space of about thirty thousand square feet, will be given over almost entirely to manufactured articles of food. Nearly all the leading food manufacturers of the United States, as well as many from abroad, will be represented. The booths to be erected in the amphitheater promise to be of the most elaborate nature. Herr Anton Seidl, with his famous orchestra, will give two concerts daily, afternoon and evening. Ample provision has been made for handling the immense crowds who will congregate here at all hours during the exposition. In addition to the large number of avenues and aisles on the main floor, as well as the promenades on the first, second and third balconies, there will be accommodations for from twenty-five hundred to three thousand people who desire to listen to the Seidl concerts.

The next in importance—and by many, the ladies in particular, it will be considered the feature of the exposition—will be the Concert Hall, the handsomest and most artistic public hall in this country. In order to make this department easier of access from the amphitheater, a contract has already been made for the erection of a grand double stairway, modeled after the entrance to the Grand Opera House at Paris, which will be built directly over the main entrance to the amphitheater on the Madison avenue side. This stairway will lead directly into the Concert Hall, where the lectures and demonstrations in cooking will be given by Miss Maria Parloa, of Boston.

BEECHER ON THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

MANY critics of the late Henry Ward Beecher claim that at the time of his death he was not an orthodox Christian. A valuable bit of evidence on this point is furnished by Mrs. Beecher in a description of a ride she had with her husband the day before he died. Mrs. Beecher refers to his renewal of work upon the "Life of Christ."

"But, oh! Eunice," he said, "since I began to work upon it again I feel as if I had never known anything about the character of Christ. If I was twenty years younger I should wish to burn up both volumes and rewrite the whole. Everything connected with His life arises now before me so much more wonderful, more glorious than ever before. My old love and reverence appear so low, so mean, compared with the adoration and worship my heart longs to pour out before Him. I know and see Him now as I never did before. When I think of Him a great luminous cloud appears to rise before me; and as I look the glory bursts out beneath it, bright, shining like the sun. Heaven opens before me as if I needed to take but one step forward and enter the promised land."



THE MADISON AVENUE FRONT, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

tensely alive in all his ways and in all his thoughts, and still he is cool and decidedly reserve.

Business, business, business.

"How did you earn your first dollar?" I asked, in the abrupt fashion of the busy man.

There was an intense glow of pleasure in the man's face. Successful men love to linger over the early days of hardship. Mr. Pillsbury is no exception to the rule. He said:

"I earned my first dollar in a printing office. I folded papers for the leading paper in old New Hampshire. It was the leader in those days. I do not know what its standing is to-day. It came out as a daily only during the sessions of the Legislature. Otherwise it was a weekly paper. I worked for two or three dollars a week. I also sold papers on the streets."

"Did you pay your own way through college?"

"I did. I taught school; I boarded round. It was the school you have often read about—the little red school-house on the hill. I was a student at Dartmouth. I used to teach and go to my classes the same day. How I did it, I do not know. But I did it! I used to study all night. Often I used to work days at a stretch. I had the constitution of a horse. That's all."

"And your pupils?"

"Oh, they ranged from three years of age to thirty. Did I have to 'lick' any of them? Well, I was the master always, even in that little old school."

The man who said this—the man who in the early days of hardship controlled his little school—has since applied the same rules of mastery in the control of an enormous business. The child is father to the man.

I said:

"Did any of the boys look down on you for struggling so?"

He said:

"Well, I should say they did not! No rich man's son ever came to Dartmouth. Our fathers in those days never saw one hundred dollars in money from one end of the year to the other. They had to dig, and root, and scratch, and look after the boys and girls, and educate us all on those hard old granite hills. And they did it, too."

Business, business, business.

"What advice do you give a young man?"

"He should do three times as much work as he is paid for. If possible, he should do four times as much work as he is paid for. But make it three times, anyway."

"What else?"

"Root, hog, or die."

"I know a young man who came to New York City," I said, "without friends or influence, to go into journalism. All the money he had was twenty-seven dollars."

"That was enough."

"He has since done well."

"Of course he has. If he had had twenty-seven hundred dollars he would have done nothing. In my opinion, twenty-seven dollars is enough for any bright young man to start out in the world with."

Business, business, business.

"Tell me," I asked, "about your first real success."

"I produced an office at Montreal," he replied, quickly. "I drifted to that city and went to a man who owned a business and said: 'I want work. I do not ask for a cent of your money until you find out whether or not I am worth anything to you.' He gave me a chance as the lowest boy in the office. After the time was up, he said: 'You have done so well, Pillsbury, that I will give you ten dollars a week. I gave the boy who last held the job eight dollars.'"

"I went to work to win. I followed my rule. It has been the rule of my business life. It is this: 'Do three times as much as you are paid for, and, if possible, do four times as much work.'"

"The fellows in the office soon learned to look upon me as a fool and a pack-horse. While they were fighting with each other over some trifling bit of extra work and were eying the clock to see that they didn't do a moment's overtime, I moved right along, according to my rule. The other fellows began to shirk and leave all the mean work for me. I never said a word. I used often to work all night. I would get my supper and the next meal would be breakfast, as I stopped work in the morning. Sometimes I would not sleep or take off my clothes to lie down more than three or four nights a week."

"And the result?"

"Yes; I am coming to that"—and the cold, twinkling eyes grew brighter and fairly snapped with enthusiasm. "At the end of the year the bookkeeper told me that he had been ordered to mark up my salary from ten to twenty dollars a week. In fifteen months I had passed all the boys in the office, and, as head clerk, was getting a salary of fifty dollars a week."

It was a simple tale, but it was told with a vim and an enthusiasm never to be forgotten. In it the millionaire renewed the triumphs of his early days. It was, withal, the first application of the principle which has since made him famous—work, work, work.

"Here are some good things," he was saying, by and by. "You simply cannot keep a boy down who follows my advice. Let him think of leisure, but keep hustling! Let him learn the good old adage, 'root, hog, or die.'"

"Would you send your boy through college as you went?"

"I would like to, but social usages are against me. I would be called mean and stingy."

"Senator Palmer, now president of the World's Fair, makes the proposition that if he had a son he would pay half his college expenses and make the boy work for the rest."

"It is very, very fair. A boy who would not take advantage of such a liberal offer is no good. He would never succeed in anything."

Business, business, business.

"What did you mean when you spoke of dunghill men?"

"Men who will never succeed. Men of low blood. Men of poor brain. I believe more and more in breeding men."

"Could you anticipate a boy's success or failure by a knowledge of his parentage?"

"Almost. Yes. Still, I would not state positively. So many circumstances come in, you know."

"Do you believe that circumstances make the man?"

"I do not."

"Do you believe that man makes the circumstances?"

"I do. And in cases of great fortune, in the superbest successes of this world, it is a happy commingling of both factors. Your brilliant man not only makes the circumstances, but is likewise aided by circumstances."

"The worst thing that can happen to a boy is to have a rich father."

"Luck is always on the side of the worker."

"You just said something about luck. Do you believe in luck?"

"I do not. I used the word in a relative sense. There is an element in a man's success this world calls luck. For illustration, if a man should have bad health, we might say, under certain circumstances, that it was 'bad' or 'bad luck.' But as for 'luck,' in the usual sense, I don't believe in it."

"Turn up something, and don't wait for luck to turn it up."

"Do three times, possibly four times, as much work as any other boy in your office. Then you will be bound to succeed."

"Do you worry about money matters, Mr. Pillsbury?"

"I do not. The man that worries I suspect. It shows that he is not sure of his success. It shows that he mistrusts his own ability."

"If you should lose all your fortune?"

"If I should lose every dollar I have in the world it would not cause me the slightest worry. I would begin all over again. I feel absolutely sure I could again amass a fortune."

"Without a dollar?"

"Yes, without a dollar. I would begin to save up the first thousand dollars. I would then get backing and go into business."

"Without security?"

"I never saw the day I could not borrow all the money I put my name on paper for. That was, too, before I had demonstrated my abilities as a manager. I cannot explain it; it is a matter of making confidence with bankers. Why, when I was a poor boy I borrowed enough to start a four-hundred-barrel flour-mill, and I hadn't a dollar, nor had I shown that I could ever get the capital out again."

"Ninety-five per cent. of business ventures," he said, "are failures; and let me ask why? Because the men who go in business are mostly round men in square holes. I believe the business successes of the future will be be-

yond the dreams of any of us to-day. There will be greater fortunes in the next twenty-five years than this country has ever seen. They will be made by boys who to-day are unknown. These boys, I think, are the poor fellows to-day struggling along in poverty and privation on small farms."

"Always remember, my boy, that this world belongs to the men who take hold of it."

I had started out to discover this man's secret for minting his golden mountains. To anyone who reads these lines the riddle must now be unmasked.

But the trouble is to make it work properly!

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